

Good Morning

\$61

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

THERE'S BIG FORTUNE AWAITING YOU HERE

YOU have an open field, a chance to make your fortune—if you find a substitute for paper. You are reading this paper now, the printed word. Be-

tween that printed word and the paper on which it is written is Romance.

Scientists are working at the problem. Practical business men are working at it. Some say it is impossible to find a substitute for paper. Some say it is not impossible.

Blame it all on Hitler. It was he who occupied Norway and sealed the Baltic off so that nearly 80 per cent. of the materials used in Britain to make paper were denied us.

And yet it is thought that the war may reveal new methods of making paper, or a substitute for it.

It may be done. During the last war Germany was faced with famine because the Allied blockade cut off her supplies of saltpetre from Chile. At that time saltpetre was the only nitrogenous fertiliser that could be had in large commercial quantities.

But the scientist Haber converted atmospheric nitrogen into a form which could be used for plants; and thus Germany held out longer than was expected.

Before that, scientists had held that there would be a world famine of nitrogen, because the soil would be depleted.

Just as scientists to-day believe there is no really good substitute for paper. But the above example shows what individual effort can do in a state of emergency. And Hitler exiled Haber.

It is on record that more than 2,000 years ago there was a soft paper made in China. It was well suited for the brush-writing of the country, and it was made from silk rags and fibre.

The Arabs learned how to make this paper, and taught it to all Muslims. It was the Moors who introduced paper to Europe.

So far as Britain is concerned, paper was made here in the year 1200, but the first mill was not established until 1492. Now machinery is used to make paper of all kinds, instead of human hands; but the basic principle is the same as was used in China 2,000 years ago, only linen and cotton rags were used instead of silk. Printing would not be so good on silk-made paper.

Find Paper Substitute

Says
M. Delinger

very easily. This, however, may be overcome. Then there is microfilm, another substitute.

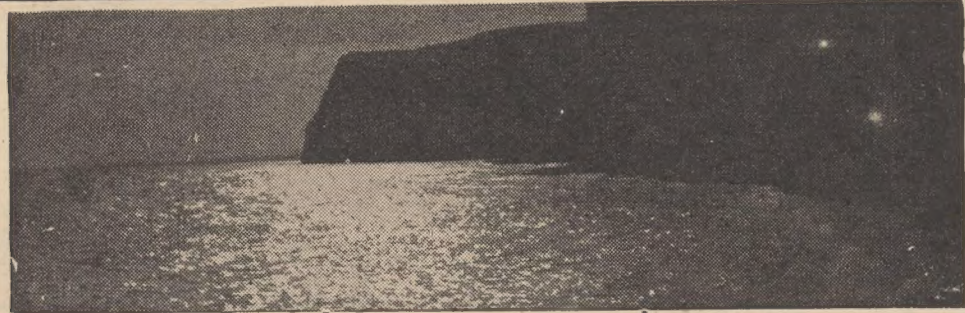
Perhaps the most expensive document ever printed was not done on paper at all. It was a speech of King George V, and it was printed in platinum ink lettering on thin sheets of gold. And the most famous document was made on stone tablets. It was the Ten Commandments "printed" by Moses.

Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat: I see him forming in the air and darkening the sky; but I'll nip him in the bud.

Sir Boyle Roche
(1743-1807).

Forgiveness to the injured does belong; But they ne'er pardon, who have done the wrong.
Dryden.

Beneath The Surface



ETERNAL LIFE, II.

WE left off last week at the point where it was demonstrated that Science, having laid down the only conditions for everlasting life, opposed the possibility of these conditions.

The authoritative hand of physiology abolished the theory we were hoping to establish. Or seemed to.

I quoted (Al Male's deputy talking) the renowned Buchner's book, "Force and Matter." In another place Buchner, dealing with "the soul" and matter, wrote: "We are . . . justified in asserting that it is apparently impossible that they should continue to exist separately."

Notice the word "apparently"? That keeps the door open a little. It gives us permission to go on; speculatively, if you like, but it is permission.

Some have thought to find some sort of proof in philosophy. But philosophy mainly demurs. After all, philosophy—and this goes for both Natural and Moral philosophy—cannot help us, for we are seeking, not a vague speculation, but a firm basis on which we can not only hope for, but know, Eternal Life.

The problem, then, is whether, with a material body, and a mental organisation inseparable from it, the grave can be bridged. Emotion, thought, volition, are functions of the brain. They die with it.

But we are not discussing Death. We are looking for Life. So let us go back to biology, which deals with life. Come on, you biologists, this is exciting!

We find that life is composed of contacts. The higher we go in the scale the more contacts there are to be observed. Without environment we could not live. It makes us, and we make it. Both reactions are necessary.

A plant, for instance, is part of Nature, just as a man is a part. But a man has some contacts that no plant can have.

The mental and moral world is unknown to the plant. But the mental and moral world is very real.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

with AL MALE

Things are natural or supernatural according to where we stand. Man is supernatural to the plant. What is supernatural to man? Obviously, when we examine contacts we must take into account the one higher in the scale.

Here we have what Science itself admits to be a Principle of Life.

When you have reached the highest in a perishable world this Principle of Life compels you to accept the possibility of a new condition from outside this world.

Moreover, this new environment must come from above. It cannot, in the nature of things, come from below; for just as the inorganic can be made to live by a touch from the organic, so man may, by a touch "from above," glimpse the tremendous life beyond his own.

Our contacts here belong to Time. These contacts perish as we perish. And, as every organism contributes to its environment, just as every environment contributes to organisms, it follows that an Eternal Life demands an Eternal environment.

No secular theory can explain the condition required for this eternal environment. "Perfect contacts would be perfect life," said Spencer. The assumption of immortality does not rest on material contacts. It cannot. It must rest on something immaterial, something eternal.

Jesus, in His teaching, never attempted to project the material into the immaterial, the spiritual.

He kept saying that it was the spiritual that mattered most. "He that hath the Son hath Life."

You find in the Scriptures the declaration of a man who had experienced this new touch, this new environment: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus."

According to Science, we can abolish death IF we can abolish imperfection. According to the Christian, you CAN abolish death by contacting that which is perfect.

For this new touch, this new contact, is not a matter of evolution coming through generations. It is a matter of regeneration. The touch from above.

It is, therefore, true scientifically, as it is true spiritually, to say, "To die is gain."

It reminds me of the retort of Socrates when questioned on this subject. "You can bury me," he said, "—if you can catch me!"

No, the old elements cannot, in themselves, participate in Eternal Life. That which is flesh is flesh, and that which is spirit is spirit. So by ascending the scale contact becomes more than contact; it becomes communion.

"I am come," said the Master, "that ye might have life, and that ye may have it more abundantly."

All this is not namby-pamby stuff. It is hard, firm truth, according to Science's own conditions. You can test it, or turn your back on it, as you please. But if you turn your back you will be denying a Scientific Principle of Life.

I don't know anybody who has the courage (or ignorance) to do that.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

The Immortal Lucifer

THE bloke who says "Can you lend me a match?" may be talking sense after all if the "everlasting match" invented by an Austrian, Ferdinand Ringer, gets into production.

In the London Patent Office specification it is described as "Composition Rods Igniting by Friction." Its aim is "to combine the simple and ready handling of matches with the possibility of being repeatedly used."

The core of the rod is made of a combustible and ignitable material coated with a water-glass substance. Any friction surface ignites the match.

In the one action of rubbing the waterglass on a rough surface the coating is rubbed away and the core ignites. When the core has burnt itself away to a point below the level of the coating the flame is automatically extinguished.

This firestick was registered in England in 1930. It became the subject of litigation in America this year, when a complaint was made by the Department of Justice that the invention was suppressed by an international cartel of match manufacturers.

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

She was First "Sky Girl"

IN a country house in Yorkshire to-day, among the blossoms she loves, is a rotund, white-haired little old lady. No one, watching her searching for wild flowers in the North Riding lanes, would ever suspect her identity.

Modern Britain has forgotten Gertrude Bacon, yet she was our first air heroine.

Fifty years ago, before Jean Batten or Amy Johnson were born, she startled her more conservative sisters by her exploits in the clouds, her hair-raising crashes in balloons, her first flights in airships.

PIONEER PICTURE.

She says proudly that she was one of the first women "to ascend in an aeroplane." She was the first ever to loop the loop. When steerable airships began to oust the balloon, she was the first Englishwoman ever to try a trip in a "Zepp."

On her mantelpiece to-day is a photograph of her as she appeared in those early flying days. She seems to be wearing a yachting cap, a voluminous cloak and a warming blanket.

In her very first flight she broke records. It was in a

balloon on a windless day, and heavy dew kept the gas-bag grounded. They threw out every sandbag in the basket, and then went up with a bound to the then record altitude of 15,000 feet.

Gertrude and her co-pilot, Stanley Spencer, found breathing difficult. As the gas in the balloon expanded and escaped the ship lost height. Swiftly they dropped. They had no sandbags, so the only alternative was to release the lower ropes of the balloon fabric and thus make a natural parachute. Buoyed in this way they made a sticky but happy landing in a marsh.

Another time, she and her pilot companion tried to make a landing in an open field, but the anchor refused to bite into the sun-baked ground. Bumping, and then leaping high, the balloon hurtled along at desperate speed straight towards a busy railway cutting.

Balloons had no steering gear. There were prospects of the balloon being thrown on to the line and colliding fatally with a passing train.

The telegraph wires saved them. Like a pair of scales,

the balloon hung inert, gas-bag on one side, basket on the other, while the entire countryside turned out to the rescue.

Undeterred, Gertrude Bacon went aloft for astronomical observations, and drifted for nearly two days. Yet she was born with aerophobia, as the medical world terms it, the fear of heights!

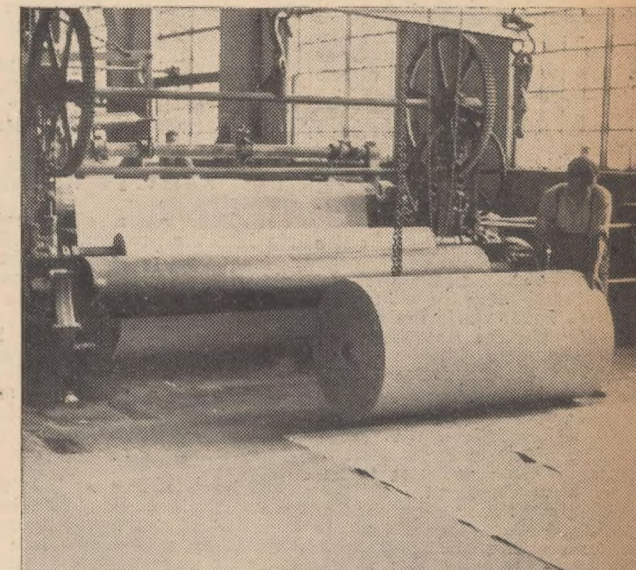
PLENTY OF GRIT.

There was every chance that, with her companions, she would drift away from land and be lost in the open Atlantic. The ballast had penetrated their only food and they lived on what were literally Sandwiches.

In the end they plunged into a barbed wire fence, with no worse consequence than a torn leg.

It merely whetted Gertrude Bacon's taste. Her father had a reputation in those days as a "scientific aeronaut," and she accompanied him on expeditions to America, India, even Lapland.

Only now, in her seventies, will she admit that her sky days are over. But maybe she still cherishes an ambition to fly the Atlantic in record time!



MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

MURDER IN THE TREES

JUBILEE Plantation, as the name implies, was planted to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of 1897.

It is now so closely canopied with larch and fir as to almost exclude sun and rain.

If any one cares to defy the notice-board and to trespass on forbidden ground they will find the interior of the plantation dark and gloomy, but this is recompensed by the hand Nature takes in all her works.

Only a straggling bramble lives on where a shaft of light comes in through the trees, and it is so eaten up with filth and overrun with tiny spiders that the wonder is it lives at all.

But wherever the food is, there the particular creature will be to devour it—and because the plantation harbours tiny, midge-like insects, spiders innumerable have found a way there.

For the same reason, one comes across gaily spotted lizards taking toll of the spiders, for Nature works things out so that there shall be no superabundance of any particular creature—which makes it inexcusable for the keeper to step in and commit murder.

Here and there one comes across the rotted stump of a tree, felled years before the present firs and larches were planted; and growing out of the decayed stumps are great toadstools or fungi of some kind—loathsome, yellowish-green objects in the dim light of the plantation. There are mushrooms, too, sticking up like sponges amongst the pine needles, and were it not for these and the pleasant smell of fir cones and pine needles, there would be little to attract trespassers in Jubilee Plantation.

But overhead life is quite different.

Where the sun shines on the tree tops, the ringed turtle doves build their nests—behind the security of "Trespassers will be prosecuted" on the notice-board.

Only the brilliant-coloured jay or an occasional hawk kept their numbers down a little, and the doves and pigeons had multiplied so rapidly as to become over-abundant.

But last year the number of the doves had diminished to such an extent that the keeper, though not interested in doves, went in to investigate—for anything that reduces doves may also reduce pheasants.

And so it was that he committed his crime.

It certainly WAS a crime, for the marten is one of the rarer creatures of the wood—though the most destruc-

tive amongst game birds—and the wonder is what guided that one solitary pine-marten to Jubilee Plantation to reduce the superabundance of doves and pigeons?

The keeper found it seated on a branch, a beautiful specimen. It looked down on the two-footed intruder without a trace of fear in its sharp eyes.

It raised its back, its bushy tail curled over like a squirrel's as it wavered a second on whether to retreat or attack.

But it had not the timid eye of a squirrel, as it peered defiantly down at the man pointing a curious stick at it.

The stillness of the wood was disturbed by a terrific report, which awoke the plantation to a flapping of wings and the startled "Clack" of cock-pheasants—and on the soft pine needles lay the lifeless pine-marten, destroyed for the sake of that noisy cock-pheasant.



When Time didn't matter

HERE you've got what was probably the world's strangest postal delivery service—the St. Kilda Mail.

St. Kilda, the remote island off the west coast of Scotland, thirty miles from the nearest land, used this method to forward their letters in the 1860s, when there was no regular communication.

A sheepskin buoy, roped to

a piece of wood, with a tin canister attached containing the letters with money for postage, was thrown into the sea, and drifted until it reached the mainland.

The average time taken for this delivery over thirty miles of sea was two months and one day.

She's Cannibals' "White Queen"

H.M. THE KING was recently offered a historic tent for the nation's use in the war. It is only a small tent, measuring a mere ten feet by eight, but for over forty years it was the home of one of the world's bravest women.

Australia is proud of Mrs. Daisy Bates—the "White Queen of the Cannibals," as they sometimes call her—and the amazing adventure in living she has staged in the remote Australian deserts.

In 1900, on a sight-seeing trip into the interior, she came across a few wandering aboriginal tribesmen, the most savage and primitive people on earth.

"They're dying out," her guide explained. "They're still only in the Stone Age of development. Nothing can save them against the encroachment of civilisation."

A DYING RACE.

Unlike the fine and intelligent Maoris of New Zealand, they had no chance of flourishing. They could not live in white men's towns. Fewer than 65,000 remained. Diseased, primitive, some even ate their own children.

Mrs. Bates determined to devote the rest of her days to helping them.

To-day, a frail old lady of eighty, she is still living in the native camp at Ooldea,

on a remote sector of the Transcontinental Line.

Naked and painted savages sometimes descend on her tent, hungry for man-meat. She gives them magical tinned food from her small resources, and they go away satisfied.

Screaming and shouting, they come to her to settle age-old feuds that only blood can assuage. Mrs. Bates seizes their spears and tells them to go back to the bush and fight it out with their fists.

This may be strange law, but it is justice an aborigine can understand, and it settles a dispute without losing a life.

When she began her strange career, farmers whose homes had been burned by the bushmen warned her that she was taking her life in her hands. Instead, she celebrated her seventieth birthday by donning evening dress as a treat for her aboriginal school-children.

By sheer force of personality she has gained acceptance as the white grandmother and "queen" of all the aborigines of Australia.

SECRET RITES.

No woman had ever actually witnessed the hideous aboriginal rites of the initiation of manhood. Three native women who accidentally learned the secrets were dead within a week.

Mrs. Bates not only attended the ceremonies unharmed, but

watched them unflinchingly, knowing that a record of the rituals—ceremonies handed down from the very dawn of time—would be of great value to scientists.

Had she shown a qualm the aborigines would have killed her. She gained safety by announcing herself as one of the twenty-two daughters of the great Father of their race.

Their confidence in her grew when they went to her suffering from illness and she cured them with old-fashioned remedies known to every white housewife.

Two Cambridge professors trekked to her to enlist her help while they were engaged in scientific field work among the people. The aborigines were menacing, and it was difficult to make them understand who the visitors were. Then Daisy Bates introduced them as her sons, and the "Stone Age men" instantly welcomed them as grandsons of the great Father of their race.

When six of the natives were arrested for murdering the members of another tribe, Mrs. Bates saved them from the scaffold by proving to the authorities that the killings, according to aboriginal law, were justifiable.

Once a month Mrs. Bates calls her people together and tells them the war news, translating the world situation into terms they will understand.

OBSERVE THAT WEATHERVANE

(By M. Thornhill)

DON'T say you are one of those people who dismiss weathervanes with the single thought, "Oh, they're just those elevated fixtures that determine the direction of the wind." Actually, they are anything but just wind-pointers. Hosts of fascinating examples make it well worth while to look out for them when travelling about the country, even if it sometimes means a crick in the neck to examine a specially interesting specimen. There's an intriguing history back of them, too.

The earliest known device for determining wind direction was that used on the Tower of the Winds at Athens, and built 100 B.C. But the first vane to be adorned with the familiar cock was fitted to a church in the Tyrol 1,125 years ago. It symbolised Peter's denial of his Master before the twice-repeated crowing of the cock, and was meant to serve as a warning to others not to follow the betrayer's example.

But the actual origin of a cock as a summit ornament is shrouded in mystery; for, centuries before this, the image of a cock was used for another, though similar, purpose. Placed by the ancients on the topmost branch of a sacred tree, its function, as it waved in the breeze, was to hold evil spirits at bay and to keep misfortune at a safe distance. When churches and temples first took the place of sacred trees and groves, it may be that the designers were actuated by the same motive.

But pagan symbols have no place in a Christian community. At least, that is the view of many, and of late there has been a tendency to substitute other emblems. And so you often see incorporated in church vanes the emblem of their patron saint. Many family chapels and civic buildings favour the family crest of owner or founder—to wit, the grasshopper crest of its founder, Sir Thomas Gresham, on the Royal Exchange, London.

Weathervanes on guildhalls are often symbolical of a great local event or the gallant enterprise of a native of the town, as in the case of the fine model of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's ship on the Guildhall at Rochester, Kent. Shovel was apprenticed to a cobbler, but ran away to sea, rose rapidly, and was knighted for gallantry when commanding a ship in the Battle of Bantry Bay. Promoted to admiral's rank, he fought stirring sea actions off Beachy Head, La Hogue, and Malaga, stormed and captured Barcelona.

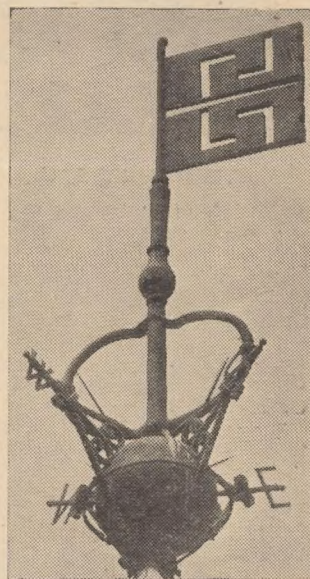
You can at once identify a royal parish by the crown above the weathervane of its church. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields is one of London's examples. The oldest vane in the City of London is, curiously enough, on its smallest church—St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. The date on the vane shows it to have been erected in 1671.

Purely ornamental vanes take a variety of forms—perhaps a fleeing stag, a collection of metal flags, or a boy kicking a ball. And it is interesting, when you come across these, to speculate on their origin. The last-named is on a foundling site.

Scores of weathervanes suffered severely in gales of recent years, and repairs produced discoveries which have surprised the church authorities themselves. At St. John's, Walton, Cheshire, for instance, steeplejacks found that the names of earlier vicars and churchwardens had been inscribed on the bird, with the dates of their appointments—an odd place for such a record. Others reveal bullet marks—

probably relics of the marksmanship of merry musketeers of yore, who must have found them tempting targets.

Often enough you'll spot a weathercock whose back and neck fairly bristle with spikes. There is one on St. Mary's, Stamford, Lincs; it's a convincing reminder, no doubt, of the dangers attending an attempt to straddle the bird—a feat frequently tried, and achieved, by the architect and other venturesome members of his staff, amid the cheers of an admiring crowd, to celebrate the completion of the building.



St. Peter's, Cornhill, London

However diminutive some of these weathercocks may appear to the naked eye, many are of giant proportions. The spiked cock at Stamford measures a mere 2ft. 8in. from beak to tail-tip, but the fellow on London's St. Dunstan's-in-the-East is a full ten feet in length.

Some weathercocks, though attached to sacred premises, have a history which is in strange contrast to their halcyon precincts. When, years ago, a well-wisher gave a sum of money for the erection of a clock on the tower of Priston Church, Somerset, the amount of the gift far exceeded the cost. With the surplus it was decided to fix a weathercock in addition. Accordingly, the Priston parishioners being proud-minded folk, a bird was ordered for "one of the highest spires in England."

In due course, to the delight of the waiting parish, there arrived a weathercock large enough for a cathedral. Even then some funds still remained; so the good folk determined to celebrate the occasion in the good old-fashioned way. Filling the hollow bird with as much beer as it would hold—and it was many gallons—the villagers demolished the contents, then hoisted the empty cock to the top of the tower. And there, for many years now, proudly erect on one leg, it has fulfilled its appointed function.

My noble friend Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry and some truth, that "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary were it not for his bow-wow way."

Earl of Pembroke (1734-1794).

Caught Murderer with Telescope

IT was a big moment for Jonas Ferenc, foreman of the biggest furniture factory in Constanta, Rumania, when he received his pay packet one sunny Friday in April, 1938. For nearly ten years he had been saving up to buy a telescope.

It took him fifty years to save fifty pounds.

"Well, I've come for it at last," he said to the man behind the counter. "I'd like the big telescope. Can I see very far with it?"

The salesman explained that it magnified things fifty times and would serve the purpose which the foreman had in mind.

Hurrying home, Jonas showed his wife, who had for long heard of his ambition, the telescope, then climbed on to the roof of his house, fixed the telescope on to a chimney-pot, and slowly swung it round until it

rested on the factory where he worked.

"Look, his youngest," he said to Paul, his son, "that's where your dad works."

The lad climbed up and peered through the telescope.

"Who's the man walking through the gate?" he asked, and his father, taking over, looked towards the factory. He saw a newcomer to the factory, a man named Milik, in a boastful manner, counting his earnings.

Milik had proved himself a brilliant workman during the week, and had earned more than any of his colleagues. His boasting, however, had made him quite a number of enemies, and the foreman decided to keep an eye upon Milik.

As the man walked from the town into the countryside Jonas suddenly went rigid, for as Milik strode

down a lonely country lane he spotted a stranger, clad in torn clothes, stalking the workman.

Then, before Milik could do anything to protect himself, the stranger leapt upon him, pulled a dagger from beneath his jacket, and plunged it into Milik's back.

When Milik fell and the stranger began to rifle his pockets, Jonas Ferenc "came back to life." Still holding the telescope in his hand, he dashed downstairs, to the amazement of his wife and family, into the street, and sped towards the police station. "A man's been stabbed to death in a lane about a mile from here," he exclaimed. "You must get the man who did it."

Within a matter of seconds the foreman, sitting beside a sergeant, was speeding towards the scene of the crime.

As he drove at high speed the sergeant suddenly became suspicious and said to the foreman, "How do you know all this?"

Jonas just grinned and patted his telescope.

When they arrived on the scene it was apparent that Milik had been instantly killed by the dagger.

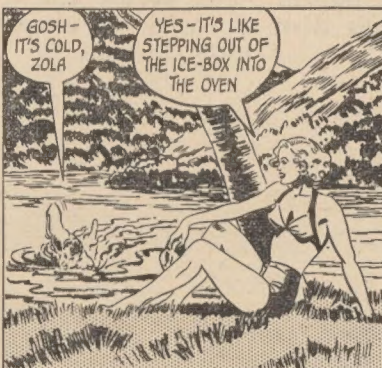
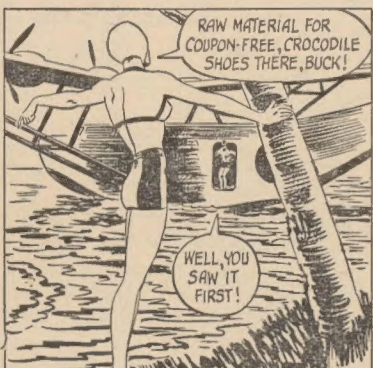
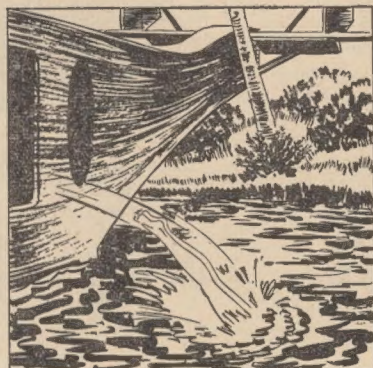
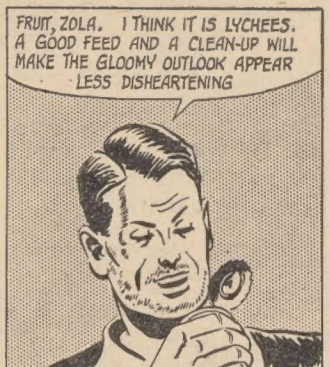
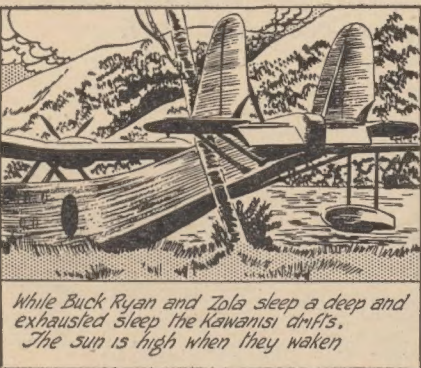
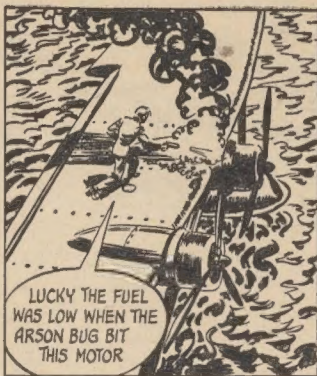
"I could recognise the murderer," said Jonas to the sergeant. "Let's tour the district."

The police, in the company of Jonas Ferenc, toured all the hostels, and in one, spending the money he had stolen from the man he had murdered, they found the killer. He surrendered without any trouble, wondering how the police knew him to be the killer.

Jonas Ferenc, with his telescope, supplied the answer.

Dick Grant

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THERE is quite a spate of colour changes in British Colonial stamps, particularly of the lower values, and collectors will be well advised to keep an eye on them. The 1d. and 3d. Ascension Isles, which were the subject of colour changes in 1940, have risen appreciably in price, and even double the new catalogue figures are being offered for them.

You probably have a copy or two of the current Gibraltar 2d. grey, showing the north side of the Rock with the King's head inset. This stamp is bound to prove a money-maker now that the colour has been changed to red. Neither the Colony nor the Crown Agents have any remaining stock of the obsolete grey, and investors are busy buying up market copies, mint and fine used.



Nyasaland recently gave new colours to the four low values of the 1938 pictorial set (a leopard against the rising sun with head of King), and I think these new colours worth buying. There has for years been a good demand for Nyasaland issues, often, indeed, exceeding the supply. The set of four is quoted at 1s. 2d.

Other Colonial news includes a 14 annas value added to the current set of Aden; it has the same design as the 3 annas, and is bi-coloured blue and sepia. I anticipate a huge demand for this stamp. Sierra Leone is introducing a 1s. 3d. value, presumably for air mail, which I also regard as a good buy.

Word coming from Kent B. Styles, of New York, bears out my earlier forecast that the American stamps issued in honour of the "Overrun Countries" would prove a sound investment. Some mint sets reaching England are selling at 14s., or 1s. 3d. for each of the twelve stamps.

Styles says that in several respects this group found more favour with philatelists than did either the Presidential series of 1938 or the Famous American series of 1940.

All twelve stamps, he reports, were sold first at Washington, but the one for Poland was sold on the same first day (June 22, 1943) at Chicago, as a tribute to the large Polish population there. Due to this dual arrangement, Poland ranks highest in number of copies sold (1,053,011), in value thereof, and in number of covers cancelled.

The stamp which received the smallest first day is that of Albania. However, in number of covers cancelled Albania's stamp was more popular than those for Czechoslovakia, Norway, Netherlands, Belgium or Yugoslavia.

The average first-day sales of the "Overrun Countries" series was 583,064, and the first-day cancellations averaged 166,158. After Poland, the largest number of first-day covers was made by the Denmark stamp on December 7, 1943, with 173,784.

These first-day covers are appreciating rapidly. In mint condition also these stamps are worth holding.

Pictured at the bottom of this column is a Swiss commemorative marking the Jubilee of the Olympic Games. Since Lausanne wanted the Games in 1944, the International Committee asked the town to mark the 50th anniversary of the reintroduction of the Games.

The stamp, showing the bust of the classical figure of Apollo of Olympia and the five Olympic rings, is issued in values of 10c., 20c., and 30c.



Good Morning

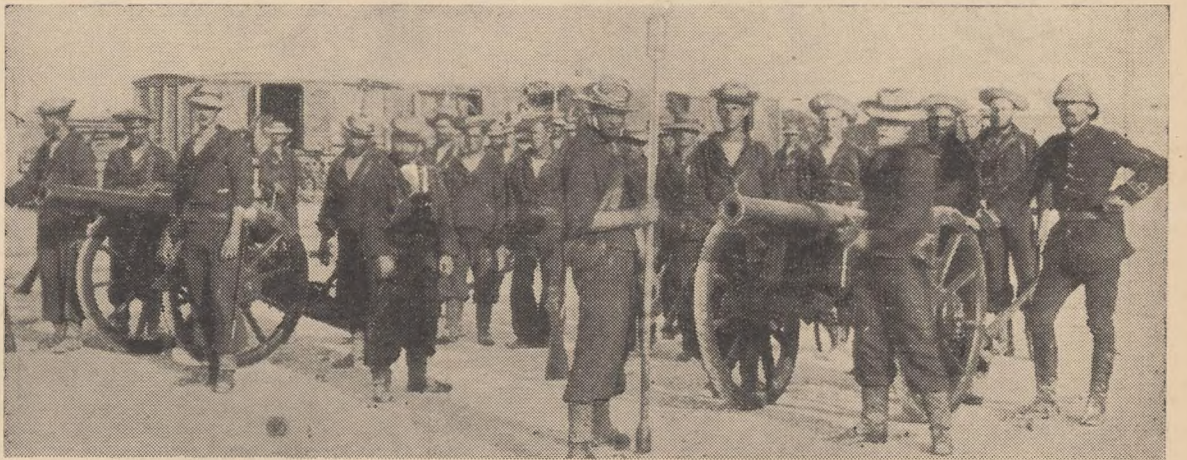
Out of Date?
These photos
tell our own
history too



Typical of street fighting ; here you have the bewildered yet determined crowd meeting the trained machine-gun. Nevsky Prospect, Petrograd, 1917.



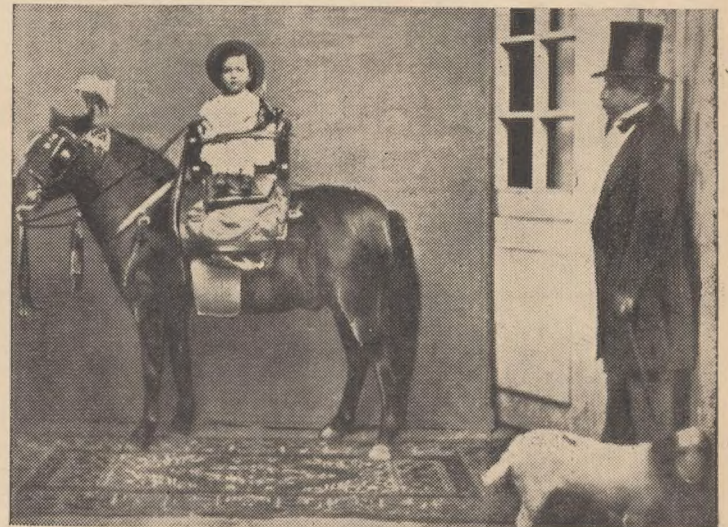
The Old Contemptibles. "Here we come Mademoiselle from Armentieres !" Our fathers weren't bad fighters either.



What are these ? Yes, you're right. They're Marines all out in the Abyssinian Campaign, 1867, complete with ramrod and yard-long bayonets. But don't laugh—they won (without using gas).



They don't change. Hitler has his harem — and here's the Iron Duke Bismarck with his nifty-bit, Pauline Lucca.



Gent. to the right with pointed beard and top hat is none other than Napoleon III. Seated on two-way stretch pony is his son, "Loulou." But "Loulou" fought and died in the Zulu War at the side of the British.



There have been two great Queens in England's history. For length of reign, for wisdom in jurisdiction and management, there are few who would say that Queen Victoria was not the greater. This photo was taken 75 years ago.



Here is the world's first European battle photo. The French advance over a hillock to meet the enemy at Sedan, September 4th, 1870.